

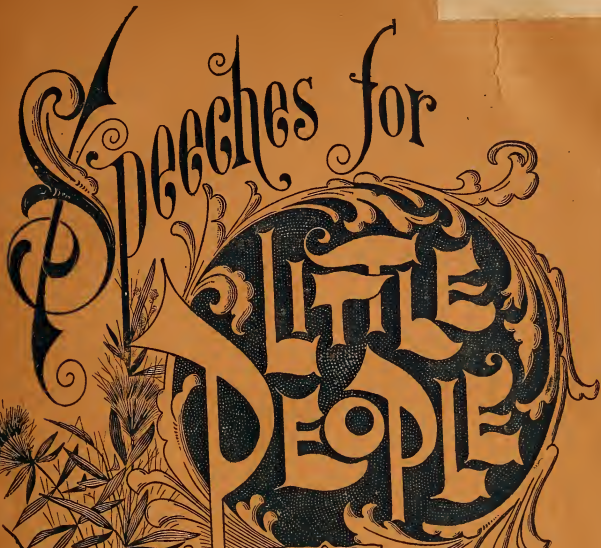
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Speeches for LITTLE PEOPLE

STANDARD
POETRY AND PROSE
For the Youngest.

LUX ENG. CO. BOSTON.



D. H. Knowlton & Co.
PUBLISHERS
Farmington, Me.



SPEECHES

FOR

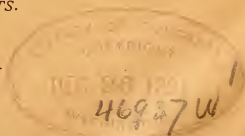
LITTLE PEOPLE.

A COLLECTION OF
STANDARD POETRY AND PROSE
FOR THE YOUNGEST.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FARMINGTON, MAINE:
D. H. KNOWLTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,

1891.



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Comp.

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R. M. W.

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INTRODUCTION.

This collection of Poetry and Prose is published at the instance of a large number of teachers in all parts of the country. In its compilation great care has been taken to exclude everything unworthy a place in a collection for children. The Publishers believe it is the worst of folly to require the children to burden their memories with trashy doggerel for the sake of having them pose before the public. There are so many beautiful thoughts in our literature that every effort possible should be made to place them within their reach. It is believed the present volume will in some measure meet this object.

Should it be the means of aiding the children of our beloved country in gaining a knowledge of beautiful and helpful thoughts, the Publishers will feel doubly paid for their labors and the care they have taken to make this the best Primary Speaker published.

Several collections were offered the Publishers, but they chose to select from the large amount of material in their possession, and it is believed the result will justify the wisdom of their choice.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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SPEECHES .
FOR
LITTLE PEOPLE.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

A LITTLE boy got out of bed—
'Twas only six o'clock—
And out of window poked his head,
And spied a crowing cock.

The little boy said, " Mr. Bird,
Pray tell me who are you ? "
And all the answer that he heard
Was, " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "

" What would you think if you were me,"
He said, " and I were you ? "
But still that bird provokingly
Cried, " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "

" How many times, you stupid head,
Goes three in twenty-two ? "
That old bird winked one eye and said
Just, " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "

He slammed the window down again,
Then up that old bird flew ;
And, pecking at the window pane,
Cried, " Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo ! "

A ROGUE.

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think ;
 Harry was sly and quick as a wink ;
 He climbed in the back of her great arm-chair
 And nestled himself very snugly there.
 Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
 And quick this fact came to his sight ;
 A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
 And woke with a start to find Harry there.
 " Why, what are you doing, my child, " she said ;
 He answered, " I'se pulling a basting-fread ! "

Wide Awake.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan !
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes ;
 With thy red lips, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Thro' thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
 Prince thou art, the grown up man
 Only is republican.

Let the million-dollared ride !
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear or eye—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy :
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

* * * *

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh as boyhood can !
 Tho' the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee thro'

Fresh baptisms of the dew !
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat !
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's, for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou could'st know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

J. G. Whittier.

KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY.

ONE day two dogs went for a walk :
 Tray was a dog of breeding good,
While *Snap* was as cross as cross could be,
 And was not thankful e'en for food.

In passing through a lot of dogs,
 Tray gently pushed in quiet past,
But *Snap* would snarl and even bite,
 Till a big mastiff caught him fast.

Then all the dogs, hounds, spaniels, pets,
 And all the "curs of low degree,"
Flew at the strange dogs in wild rage,
 And tore them savagely.

This shows it is not only well
 To always do good deeds,
But mind the company one keeps,
 And only go where goodness leads.

THE GIRLS MY MOTHER KNOWS.

My mother says a girl she knows
Whose face with love and sunshine glows,
Who carries sunshine where she goes—
A darling human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,
Who frets at all she has to do ;
With sulky face she scowls at you,
While anger clouds her eyes of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain to see,
From mother's laughing face, that she
Means one of those two girls for me—
Now which, I wonder, can it be ?

A. G. Plympton.

DON'T CROWD.

DON'T crowd ! this world is large enough
For you as well as me ;
The doors of art are open wide,
The realms of thought are free.

Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter tho' you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly, barely keep
Gaunt famine from the door ?

Of willing hand and honest heart
Alone should man be proud ;
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

SKATING.

WHAT a bustle, what a shout !
Every village boy is out
 On the ice ;
Some are skating to and fro,
Some are marking in the snow
 Queer device.

Here and there a rosy girl
Is waiting for a whirl
 As they pass ;
For of falling there's no fear,
Since the ice is smooth and clear,—
 Smooth as glass.

There is handsome little Ned,
With his sister on his sled,
 Skating by ;
While Joe and Billy Brace
Both are striving in a race :
 How they fly !

Nimble Billy Brace will beat :
But the ice is such a cheat.
 He is down—
In the water to his chin ;
Can the little fellow swim ?
 Will he drown ?

No ! the boys have fished him out,
With many a noisy shout,
 And they say :
“ Simple Billy, have a care
How you venture out too far
 In the bay.

But the distant village chime
Of bells is striking nine,
And they all
Hasten home, with noisy shout,
Running nimbly on the route,
Great and small.

May I never grow so old,
And have sympathies so cold
As to hate
The bustle and the noise
Made by the village boys,
When they skate !

THE ROBIN'S GARDEN.

'Twas a saucy, bold robin perched high on a tree
With an eye on my cherries, the other on me ;
“And what do you want in my garden?” said he.

I knew he was young by his flight and his note,
By the color and cut of his dapper new coat,
And the spots, like a thrush, on his breast and his throat ;

So I said, “It’s a shame to be thieving ! it’s wrong
For a chicken like you !” But, “Ho ! Ho !” was his song,
“I’ve been out of the egg-shell for ever so long.

“If I followed your thought, it was *chicken* you said !
Why, sir ! I remember the strawberry bed
When there wasn’t one berry quite edibly red.

“*Do I like them?* Like strawberries? Well, for the sake
Of judicious variety—just for a break
In a diet of worms—I do sometimes partake.

"Did I hear you say *cherries?* Now, now, if you please,
Go find your own cherries. I'll answer for these.
Or fill up that vulgar great basket with peas.

"Your cherries? *my* cherries, you mean," whistled he ;
"For my title is clear as a title can be,
I was hatched in that very identical tree !"

Isaac Ogden Rankin.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go !"
"Nonsense !" said the other,
"I don't think you know !"
So he walked in boldly ;
Nobody in sight ;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite ;
Close the trap together
Snapped, quick as a wink,
Catching mousy fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I'm not a baby ;
Here I am, half grown ;
Surely I am big enough
To run around alone !"
Off she went, but somebody,
Hiding, saw her pass ;

Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass ;
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me ;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree !"
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling ;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink ;
"Oh !" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Phæbe Cary.

WHAT WOULD THE HARVEST BE?

IF all the boys, as they grow up,
Should never touch the poison cup,
But lift the temperance banner high,
Proclaiming peace and liberty,
What would the harvest be?

If all these boys should now declare
They will not touch the base cigar,
Nor use tobacco anywhere,
Nor fight, nor cheat, nor lie, nor swear,
What would the harvest be?

If every boy would learn to pray,
 And read the Bible every day,
 Would give his heart to Jesus now,
 And every day before him bow,
 What would the harvest be?

If up to manhood they should grow,
 And on from strength to strength should go,
 And each his mission to fulfil,
 Would try to do God's every will,
 What would the harvest be?

If with the cares of earth oppressed,
 They feel the need of help and rest,
 To Christ, the rock of help would fly,
 And in his love would live and die,
 What would the harvest be?

O, glorious harvest gathered in,
 And golden sheaves all saved from sin !
 While seraphs sing, they come ! they come !
 And angels shout the harvest home !

THE PET.

I'm the pet,
 Not six yet,
 Curls of auburn, eyes of jet ;
 See me hop,
 That's my top :
 My name's Teddy—don't forget !

Here's my suit,
 That's my boot ;
 Most a man's size, only smaller !
 Here's my hat—
 Just beat that !
 Have a high one—when I'm taller.

There's mamma,
There's papa,
I must fly a kiss to get !
There's no other
Sister, brother,
Only Teddy—he's the pet !

THE SQUIRRELS' LESSON.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, the other got none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen to me, while I tell you his fate :
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late ;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced ;
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I will climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, oh, listen : their locks are turned gray ;
One as a governor sitteth to-day ;
The other, a pauper, looks out of the door
Of the alms-house, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day :
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, oh, tell, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to impart to your thought ?
Answer me this, and the story is done :
Which of the two would you be, little one ?

LITTLE THINGS.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

LITTLE HOME-BODY.

LITTLE Home-Body is mother's wee pet
Fairest and sweetest of housekeepers yet,
Up when the roses in golden light peep,
Helping her mother to sew and to sweep,
Tidy and prim in her apron and gown,
Brightest of eyes, of the bonniest brown ;
Tiniest fingers, and needles so fleet,
Pattern of womanhood, down at my feet.

Little Home-Body is grave and demure,
Weeps when you speak of the wretched and poor,
Though she can laugh in the merriest way
While you are telling a tale that is gay.
Lily that blooms in some lone, leafy nook,
Sly little hide-away, moss-sided brook ;
Fairies are fine, where the silver dew falls ;
Home fairies—these are the best of them all.

George Cooper.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE MOUSE.

GRAY Victor Hugo in his nook
Sat musing o'er a favorite book,
When lo, half timorous, half intent,
As on some serious errand bent,
His daughter and his grandchild brought
A mouse the pantry trap had caught.
The poet turned with loving heed
To hear the little maiden plead
With piteous face and eager cry,
"Say, Grandpa, shall the mousey die?"

"Behold the thief," the mother said,
"The pixy, with its nibbling knife,
So busy round my cheese and bread !
Just now, made prisoner while it fed,
We found it squeaking like a fife,
And, melted at its shrill complaint,
Our Jeannie, like a tender saint,
With tearful pity begged its life.
Her pleading charmed away my frown ;
I spared my victim doomed to drown,
And told its gentle advocate
Her grandsire should decide its fate."

"Poor little mouse !" the old man smiled,
And drew his darling to his knee.
"See how it trembles," lisped the child ;
"It's just as scared as scared can be,
And sorry, too, I guess it feels
Because my mamma says it steals.
All such a mite could eat and drink
Is no great stealing, I should think !
Its head could cuddle in my ring ;
Its ears—are like a midge's wing ;
Its tail—is just a bit of string ;
Its wee bright eyes—the cunning thing !

Its body scarce a spoon would fill ;
 It isn't big enough to kill !
 And, oh, it looks at you so shy—
 Say, Grandpa, shall the mousey die ? ”

Fondly the aged poet spoke :
 “ The boon you ask is grand to give :
 Jeannie, I stay the fatal stroke,
 And bid your tiny prisoner live. ”

Then as with kiss and blessing sped,
 The child to free her captive ran,
 The old man closed his eyes, and said :
 “ So Heaven decides man's lot for man.
 The mouse that nibbles on the shelf
 Knows not its fate, nor know I mine.
 I own a Providence divine,
 Since to that small, four-footed elf
 I was a providence myself ;
 And as my grace a life could spare
 That feels no thanks, and knows me not,
 I well believe celestial care
 Has oft my own deliverance wrought
 Without my knowledge or my thought. ”

Theron Brown.

THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN.

OH, I'm a little Tuchman,
 My name is Van der Dose,
 An' vat I cannot get to eat
 I smells it mit my nose.

An' ven dey vill not let me play
 I takes it out in vork ;
 An' ven they makes me vork too hard
 I soon de jop vill shirk.

An' ven dey sends me off to bed
 I lays avake all night ;
 An' ven dey comes to vake me up
 I shut my eyes up tight.

For I'm a little Tuchinan,
 My name is Van der Dose,
 An' vat I do not know myself
 I never vants to knows.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
 Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean.
 The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
 A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child—
 A little worn out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim ;
 It was the collier's wife and child—they called him "Little
 Jim."

And oh, to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek
 As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was afraid to
 speak,
 Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life ;
 For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's
 wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
 And prays that He will spare her boy and take herself
 instead.

She gets her answer from the child—soft fall these words
 from him :

"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon 'Little Jim ;'
 I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, oh, I am so dry—
 Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't ye
 cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held a teacup to his lips ;
 He smiled to thank her as he took three tiny little sips.
 "Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good night
 to him ;
 "And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas ! poor "Little
 Jim !"
 She saw that he was dying—that the child she loved so dear
 Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door is opened—the collier's step is heard—
 The father and the mother meet, but neither speaks a word ;
 He felt that all was over—he knew his child was dead ;
 He took the candle in his hand and walked beside the bed ;
 His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
 And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel ;
 With hearts bowed down with sadness, they humbly ask of
 Him
 That they may meet again in heaven their own poor "Little
 Jim."

THE DEAD BIRD.

A LITTLE bird sat in a cherry tree,
 Singing its song of chink, chink, chee ;
 A man came by with a dog and gun,
 And shot the poor birdie, just for fun.

At least that's all he had to say,
 When on the ground the birdie lay
 With a broken wing and a hole in its side ;
 It fluttered and squeaked, and then it died,
 And sister and I just stood and cried.

I'd rather be a dog or cat,
 Or the meanest kind of a big gray rat,
 Than an ugly man with a dog and gun,
 Who shot a birdie just for fun.

THE BIRD'S CALL.

"GLAD to see you, little bird,
'Twas your little chirp I heard ;
What did you intend to say ?
' Give me something this cold day ?'

"That I will, and plenty, too ;
All the crumbs I saved for you ;
Don't be frightened—here's a treat ;
I will wait and see you eat."

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God ;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot,
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the sinking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall ;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high,
Like an open turret toward the sky,
Through which heavenly dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man—
When shadows shall herald care—
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light, or door, or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer.

Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath ;
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word ?
"Their works do follow them," said the Lord ;
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands ;
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light
For the House not made with hands.

A STOWAWAY.

Just one day out upon the deck,
As south the vessel steered,
With brilliant hue and crimson wings
A butterfly appeared.

Above the heads of all the crew
He fluttered in the sun,
And safely hid himself aloft
Each night when day was done.

And to his dizzy resting-place,
The sailors took a store
Of honey-comb, that he might feast
Just as he did on shore.

The day before we reached the port,
When all the coast looked green,
Upon the ropes, or in the sun,
No butterfly was seen.

But when we trod the foreign shore
And walked beneath its sky,
Lo ! poised in air just out of reach,
The saucy butterfly.

'Twas thus he gained the tropic land,
This cunning stowaway,
Thousands of miles across the sea,
Without a cent to pay !

Sarah D. Clark.

PUZZLED.

“Well, whose boy am I, any way?
I fell down cellar yesterday,
And gave my head an awful bump
(If you had only seen the lump!)
And Mamma called me when I cried,
And hugged me close up to her side,
And said : ‘I’ll kiss and make it well,
Mamma’s own boy ; how hard he fell.’

“When Papa took me out to play
Where all the men were making hay,
He put me on old Dobbin’s back ;
And when they gave the whip a crack,
And off he threw me, Papa said,
(When I got up and rubbed my head,
And shut my lips, and winked my eyes)
‘Papa’s brave boy. He never cries.’

“And when I go to Grandma’s—well,
You’d be surprised if I could tell
Of all the pies and ginger-cakes
And doughnuts that she always makes,
And all the jam and tarts and such,
And *never* says, ‘Don’t take too much ;’
‘Because,’ she says, ‘he must enjoy
His visit, for he’s Grandma’s boy !’

“And Grandpa says : ‘I’ll give him soon
A little pony for his own,
He’ll learn to ride it well, I know,
Because he’s Grandpa’s boy. Ho ! ho !’
And plenty other people say :
‘Well, how are you, my boy, to-day ?’
Now, can you tell me, if you try,
How many little boys *am* I ?”

A FAIRY VOYAGER.

AFLOAT in the azure space
Is a fairy thing—
Who steers this tiny craft?
Hath it sail or wing?
A careless voyager
Through a pathless waste,
It loiters not by the way,
It makes no haste.

It might be a bird in the sky,
It might be a ship on the wave,
It yieldeth itself in trust—
The king of the air is its slave.
It is borne to the destined place
Where the earth has a cradle at need :
And the universe is pledged
To nourish the thistle-seed.

M. F. Butts.

THE FIRST DAY.

THIS is the first I came to school ;
I'm only five years old, you see.
I've broken nearly ev'ry rule,
And couldn't learn the A, B, C.

I really can't see what's the good
Of alphabets and figures, too ;
But mamma says, of course, I should
Learn just what other children do.

It's hard to sit so still all day
And keep your tongue from talking out ;
I'd rather stay at home and play,
Then mamma'd know what I was 'bout.

When I'm a teacher, I tell you,
I'll let the scholars talk all day ;
They'll never have hard work to do,
And always be allowed to play.

Now don't you think that is the best
For little girls and boys like me ?
We need an awful lot of rest,
And have no use for A, B, C.

BABY'S READY SERVANTS.

TEN little waiters, neat and trim,
Ten little servants, straight and slim,
Ten little helpers, slender, prim,
Attend the baby May.

Five little vassals at her right,
Five little helpers pink and white,
Five little servants, day and night,
Wait on the baby May.

Five little lackeys at her left,
Five little workers, nimble, deft ;
Crippled and lame, of them bereft,
Would be the baby May.

These little servants on each hand
Quickly obey her least command,
Willing to do, the faithful band,
The will of baby May.

These little waiters pick up pins,
Battle and bang with spoons and tins,
Oft they are whipped for naughty sins,
Of reckless baby May.

Patting they now dear Mamma's face,
 Pulling they then her dainty lace,
 Ever and anon they're in disgrace,
 At nod of baby May.

Paddle they off, in baby's cup,
 Dip in the milk she's just to sup,
 Keeping the flagging spirits up
 Of restless baby May.

Five with a feather, soft and light,
 Five with molasses sticky quite
 Can by exchanging, make a sight
 To charm the baby May.

These little servants often do
 Deeds they are called, alas, to rue,
 Mischievous tricks, and not a few,
 At call of baby May.

But when the baby's older grown,
 These little servants, all her own,
 Will for their sins, I'm sure, atone,
 At bid of lady May.

N. Y. Tribune.

WELCOME.

KIND friends, we welcome you to-day,
 With songs of merry glee,
 Your loving smiles we strive to win,
 Each face we love to see.

Sweet welcomes then to one and all !
 And may your smiles approve ;
 And may we never miss the light
 Of faces that we love.

FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand ;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing ;
 The early dews are falling.
Into the stone heap darts the mink ;
The swallows skim the river's brink ;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
And over the hill the farm boy goes,

 Cherrily calling—

 “Co, boss ! co, boss ! co ! co ! co !”

Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still ;

 “Co, boss ! co, boss ! co ! co !”

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day :
Harness and chain are hung away ;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plough ;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

 The cooling dews are falling ;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

 His cattle calling—

 “Co, boss ! co, boss ! co ! co !”

While still the cow-boy far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—

 “Co, boss ! co, boss ! co ! co ! co !”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes ;
The cattle come crowding thro' the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great ;

About the trough by the farm-yard pump,
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling;
 The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye!
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,

 Soothingly calling—

 “So, boss! so, boss, so! so! so!”
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool—
 Saying “so, so! boss! so! so!”

To supper, at last, the farmer goes:
 The apples are pared, the papers read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the cricket’s ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling.
 The housewife’s hand has turned the lock;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose;
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes.

 Singing, calling—

 “Co, boss! co, boss! co! co! co!”
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, “so, boss! so!”

J. T. Trowbridge.

WHOEVER would think
 The water we drink
 Could fly to the sky,
 Then float down as dry
 As feathers, and light
 As they, and so white!—
 I heard a boy say
 That that was the way!

GUESS.

WE'VE got something down at our house. You can't guess what it is? It isn't a barrel of apples ; it isn't a piano ; it isn't a new girl ; it isn't—well—most anything you think. It's rosy and white. I found it there one morning. Hush ! you mustn't make a noise. What do you think it is, now? It's a bran-new little *baby*.

NOTHING TO DO.

I HAVE shot my arrows and spun my top,
And bandied my last new ball,
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall ;
I tumbled my books all out of their shelves,
And hunted the pictures through ;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor,
My train of cars ran over the rocks,
I'll warrant they'll run no more ;
I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath,
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys, I'm tired to death,
Because I have nothing to do.

The boys have gone to the pond to fish,
They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty slow
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land at the farthest, an eel on the sod,—
I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
 And Lucy and Rose are away
 After berries. I am sure they've been out for hours,
 I wonder what makes them stay?
 Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
 But riding is nothing new ;
 " I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,
 " Because you had nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
 For he seems so happy and gay,
 When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
 With his little half hour to play ;
 He neither has books nor top nor ball,
 Yet he's singing the whole day through,
 But then he never is tired at all,
 Because he has something to do.

Margaret J. Preston.

RESOLUTIONS.

If you've any task to do,
 Let me whisper, friend, to you,

Do it.

If you've anything to say,
 True and needed, yea or nay,

Say it.

If you've anything to love,
 As a blessing from above,

Love it.

If you've anything to give,
 That another's joy may live,

Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
 Though the whole world hoot and shout,

Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night or day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it.

WE LITTLE BOYS.

If older boys can make a speech,
We little boys can, too ;
And though we do not say so much,
Yet we've a word for you.

This world is large and full of room,
There is a place for all ;
The rich, the poor, the wise, the good,
The large as well as small.

So give the little ones a chance,
To show off what they know,
And shun us not because we're small,
For little boys will grow.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

I SUPPOSE you think we are not good for much. You are mistaken. We can help others around as well as you can. We can speak a kind word, and sometimes that is better than jewels. Boys not good for anything! Haven't the most wise and good men that the world has ever seen been boys, I should like to know? Where would the girls get their husbands from if it were not for boys? Don't sneer at us, for we will soon meet you men, and do our part in the world!

KITTY IN THE BASKET.

"WHERE is my little basket gone?"

Said Charlie boy one day;

"I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

"And Kitty, too, I can't find her.

O dear, what shall I do?

I wish I could my basket find,
And little Kitty too.

"I'll go to mother's room and look;

Perhaps she may be there.

For Kitty loves to take a nap
In mother's easy chair.

"Oh, mother! mother! come and look?

See what a little heap!

My Kitty's in the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep."

He took the basket carefully,

And brought it in a minute

And showed it to his mother dear,
With little Kitty in it.

Mrs. Follen.

PRESS ON!

PRESS on ! our life is not a dream
Tho' often such its mazes seem ;
We were not born to lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.

To each a daily task is given—
A labor that shall fit for Heaven.
When duty calls let love grow warm,
Amid the sunshine or the storm.
With faith life's trials boldly breast,
Then go, a conqueror, to thy rest !

BABY'S MUG.

SILVER comes to baby soon—
Silver mug and silver spoon :
Sing a song of silver !

With a mountain first begin,
Where the silver hides within :
Sing a song of silver !

Dull and rough the rocks appear ;
Who would think a treasure here ?
Sing a song of silver !

Sing the mines as dark as night,
Sing the miner's little light :
Sing a song of silver !

Digging, digging, day by day,
So the miner works away :
Sing a song of silver !

Swinging, from the mines below,
Up the loaded baskets go :
Sing a song of silver !

Sing the fire's flash and roar,
Silver gleams in melting ore :
Sing a song of silver !

Silver sleeping in the mould,
And the rest is quickly told :
Sing a song of silver !

Shapen is the silver soon—
Silver mug or silver spoon :
Sing a song of silver !

THE LITTLE SAILOR.

BABY is a sailor boy,
Swing, cradle, swing ;
Sailing is the sailor's joy,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,
Swing, cradle, swing ;
Baby's captain, mother's mate,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Never fear, the watch is set,
Swing, cradle, swing ;
Stormy gales are never met,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,
Swing, cradle, swing ;
Anchor in the cove of sleep,
Swing, cradle, swing

George Cooper.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY IS WORTH.

I'M not worth much in pocket. See ! [turns pockets inside out.] I'm not worth much if you reckon by size. I'm not worth much, folks, so far as wisdom goes. But you wait ! I'm growing up to be a man, I am ! Mother says I will be one before she is ! Besides, she thinks I'm worth something, for I heard her say this morning, that I was worth my weight in gold ! And she's a good judge !

THE LITTLE TREASURE.

Now don't you think I'm very small
To get up here and speak ?
It took me awful long to learn—
Most very near a week.

My brother Ned—he's very rude—
He says I'll never grow ;
But five years more from this will make
A difference, I know.

Now ain't I just too sweet to live ?
I'm awful nice, they say :
My mamma dressed me up like this,
And does so every day.

I like to stand up here and talk,
Because it pleases you,
And you will be, I plainly see,
Most sorry when I'm through.

For 'tis not every day you'll find
A prodigy like me ;
You may look, and look around you,
But another you'll not see.

I feel as though I'd talk all night,
I really don't know why ;
But some one else must get a chance,
And so I'll say "Good-bye !"

Thos. F. Wilford, A. M.

LITTLE WHEELS.

THE weaver waits for the spinner's yarn ;
The spinner is idle for want of wool ;
The shearers watch in the fragrant barn
For the sheep that graze by the meadow pool ;
But little Boy Blue who drives the flock
Has fallen asleep by a sheltering rock,
While many a baby in Boston town
Is crying for want of a soft wool gown.

The shearers threaten in language strong ;
The weaver's wrath can never be told ;
The wheel is spinning an angry song,
And the babies' toes are purple with cold.
For the shepherd lad who is sleeping still
Is a little wheel in the world's great mill,
And the world's full grist is not well ground,
Till each little wheel turns round and round.

I dreamed this dream but an hour ago,
When I awoke to my surprise
To find Nurse galloping to and fro
And baby's fists thrust into his eyes.
O, what little wheel was running away
And making so jolly a baby cry
'Till his face was as red as a poppy's silk ?
The lassie was late who brings his milk !

May Riley Smith

AMUSING "HIS HIGHNESS."

His little Highness sits in state
Upon his rightful throne,
And from his kingly brow all sign
Of royal care has flown.
His little Highness smiles at us
Who kneel before him there,
The while we kiss his gracious hand
And bonnie face so fair.

His little Highness, it is plain,
His subjects should amuse ;
And of all entertainments, pray
Which will his Highness choose ?
There's "This wee pig to the market went,"
Played with his royal toes ;
And "Trot, trot, trot, on mother's knee,
To Boston baby goes ;"

And "Patty-cake, O baker's man?"
Played with the dimpled hands ;
And many other games like that
Which baby understands.
But best of all his Majesty
His mother's kiss prefers ;
For though we dearly love our king,
There is no love like hers.

So in her arms she clasps him tight,
He and his dignity,
He's only baby after all,
And sleepy as can be.
His throne into a cradle turns—
"Tis mother's knee, you know—
And presently to slumber-land
His majesty will go.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

WHAT if a drop of rain should plead,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if the shining beams of moon
Should in the fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

Does not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

MR. NOBODY.

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar;
Who pulls the buttons from our skirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
 That kettles cannot boil ;
 His are the feet that bring in mud,
 And all the carpets soil.
 The papers always are mislaid ;
 Who had them last but he ?
 There's no one tosses them about
 But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
 By none of *us* are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
 To let the curtains fade.
 The ink we never spill ; the boots
 That lying round you see
 Are not *our* boots ; they all belong
 To Mr. Nobody.

A BOY'S APPEAL.

AHEM ! that's the way all speakers do
 Before they start to talk,
 Though many have not sense enough
 To tell you cheese from chalk ;
 Perhaps you think because we're boys
 We're not of much account,
 But we will show before we've done
 To what we do amount.

'Tis well enough for Mas and Pas
 To say we're good for naught
 But making noise, and whip us well
 If at it we are caught ;
 I'd like to know if we were gone
 Who'd then their errands run,
 Or chop the wood, or carry coal !—
 The girls?—they would—like fun !

I'd like to see a girl chop wood—
She'd chop her toes instead ;
And if she tried to carry coal,
She'd tumble on her head :
And who would rock the baby then?—
(Our cradle's broke ;—I'm glad !
I kicked the rocker off one day,—
Oh, wasn't my Ma mad !)

So Papas and you Mammias all
Please treat us from to-night
As we deserve, and you will find
That all will then go right.
But if we find you will not change—
Just listen to us now !—
We'll do our best to do our worst,
And raise an awful row.

We'll pull the baby from the crib,
And throw him on the floor ;
And pinch him till he yells so much
He can't yell any more ;
And then the policeman will come
To see what's all the row,
And you'll all be arrested ;—ha !
And locked in jail. There, now !

Thos. F. Wilford, A. M.

TOMMY'S STORY.

ONCE there was a kitten,
A tiny little kitten.
You wouldn't think—but he's my great big cat !
Yes, he was once a kitten,
A tiny little kitten,
Though now he is so very big and fat.

He began by growing,
 And he kept on a-growing.
 He grew, and grew, and grew, with all his might.
 He did it all by growing,
 And he still keeps a-growing—
 The sight of him must give the mice a fright !

Don't you think this kitten
 A truly smart young kitten,
 To know the way to get to be a cat ?
 He was my own, own kitten.
 He was the very kitten
 This story is about ! Just think of that !

BREAKFAST TIME.

THE turkeys and the ducks,
 The geese, the goslings ten,
 The pigeons and the cows,
 The chicks and mother-hen,
 Are waiting in the yard
 Beside old Grunty's pen.

Moo-o-o and quack-quack,
Baa-a-a and coo-o,
Gobble-gobble, cluck-cluck-cluck,
And cock-a-doodle-doo!

Each one of breakfast talks :
 The pigeons beg for peas ;
 The turkey gobbler says,
 "Some corn, Bess, if you please ;"
 And each white duck gives thanks
 For every crumb she sees.

Moo-o-o and quack-quack, etc.

The rooster for his hens
Is asking, by his crow,
Why Bessie with the food
Should be so very slow ;
The cows think hay will come
If Bessie hears them " low."'
Moo-o-o and quack-quack, *etc.*

The sheep within the fold,
Ba-ba-a, just hear them call !
Hear Dobbin whinny
For oats within his stall !
And Grunty, when he squeals,
Means *everything* and all !
Moo-o-o and quack-quack, *etc.*

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow ;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go.
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play ;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers :
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on the way ;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page—
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age.
At your work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines, making hay ;
Thus we may, by help of Heaven,
Learn a little every day.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A FELLOW's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons and lots of things ;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean ;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad ;
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive you whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day ;
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

VACATION is over at last ! We have had much fun. But still I am glad to get into school once more. I like my teacher so well, and I want to see my playmates again. I have so many things to tell them. I always like to be at school the first day and see how it begins. My books are ready ; I have found them all right. Come, brother Will, let us hurry off. Put the dinner up, mamma, and now kiss me good-by.

A LITTLE BOY'S TREASURES.

I HAVE a splendid shaggy dog,
His name is Shepherd Jack,
His paws are white, his nose is buff,
And all the rest is black.

I have a cat, a mamma cat,
Her name is Catanita ;
I have two little baby cats,
Called Thomas and Delighta.

I have a ball, a cart, a sled—
My sled's a double runner.
The names are painted on the side,
“The Clipper” and “The Stunner.”

I have a painted dragon kite
Which sails up in the sky,
When father holds the string, but O,
I cannot make it fly.

I have two pretty little calves
With brown and dewy noses,
They'll make a pair of oxen soon—
I call them John and Moses.

I have a hoop and wooden horse—
You'd think it was a stick,
But I ride it all around the town,
I can't walk half so quick.

And those are all the things I have,
(Except my dolly Roy,
And I'm ashamed to tell of him
Because I am a boy.)

A COLD DAY.

JACK FROST is a roguish little fellow ;
When the wintry winds begin to bellow,
He flies like a bird through the air,
And steals through the cracks everywhere.

He nips little children on the nose ;
He pinches little children on the toes ;
He pulls little children by the ears,
And draws from their eyes the big round tears.

He makes little girls cry, " Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! "
He makes little boys say, " Boo-hoo-hoo ! "

But when we kindle up a good warm fire,
'Then Jack Frost is compelled to retire.
So up the chimney skips the roguish little boy,
And all the children laugh for joy.

WHATEVER hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again ;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee :
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.

Longfellow.

DANCING DROPS.

THE little drops of water
Are dancing in the pool ;
What fun they must be having
And all the while so cool !
Dancing are they really ?—
However that may be
They're making circles gaily,
As any one may see !

M. J. H.

THE TRADES.

[A recitation for several boys and girls. The speakers may be dressed in costume.]

First Speaker.

I AM a sturdy farmer,
I sell my produce cheap ;

Second Speaker.

And I'm a dusty miller,
The sweetest flour I keep.

Third Speaker.

I am a swarthy blacksmith,
I'll set your horse's shoe ;

Fourth Speaker.

I am a skillful builder,
A house I'll build for you.

Fifth Speaker.

I am a busy baker,
With fresh-baked cakes and pie ;

Sixth Speaker.

And I'm a little painter,
And mount the ladders high.

Seventh Speaker.

I am a merry tailor,
My suits fit close and true.

Eighth Speaker.

And I make boots and shoes,
Come, here's a pair for you.

Ninth Speaker.

I am a busy seamstress,
The neatest work I stitch ;

Tenth Speaker.

And I'm a cheerful teacher,
And never use a switch.

All.

We all are cheerful workers,
We're busy day and night,
No matter what our trade is,
We all will serve you right.

LITTLE MAIDENS.

How should little maidens grow,
When they're ten or over?
In the sunshine and the air,
Wholesome, simple, fresh and fair,
As the bonny daisies blow,
And the happy clover.

How should little lassies speak,
When they're ten or over?
As the birds do, and the bees,
Singing through the flowers and trees
Till each mortal fain would seek
The merry-hearted rover.

How about her eyes and ears,
At this stage of growing?
Like the clear, unclouded skies,
Not too angry nor too wise,
So that all she sees and hears
May be worth the knowing.

And the little maiden's heart?
Ah! for that we're praying,
That it strong and pure may grow;
God, who loveth children so,
Keep her from all guile apart,
Through life's mazes straying!

Journal of Education.

A GAME OF ROMPS.

THE squirrel said to the dormouse brown,
"Where are you going to-day?
You'd better climb up this old beech to me,
And we'll have a fine game of play."

The little black eyes of the dormouse winked,
Said he, "'Twill be splendid fun;
And we'll have a fine supper of nuts to-night
When at last our gambols are done."

No sooner said, than away they go,
Scampering down the old tree;
Up again jumping from bough to bough,
As merry as merry can be.

'Twas all very well for a little while,
Then squirrel grew saucy and rough ;
And by-and-by the poor dormouse squeaked,
" Hold hard ! I've had quite enough."

But squirrel was spiteful and wouldn't leave off,
And the more the dormouse cried,
The more he bullied, and flouted, and jeered,
And pushed him from side to side.

So a game that in merry sport began,
A quarrel became outright,
And the squirrel and the dormouse together ate
No supper of nuts that night.

Now boys, and girls, when you're all at play,
Be gentle if you are wise ;
'Tis better a little you should give way,
Than hector or tyrannize.

A game should never grow rude and rough,
But be played with real good will ;
Leave off when you feel you've had enough,
And you'll feel good natured still.

Astley H. Baldwin.

A BOY'S REFLECTION.

A LOVING couple are Rover and Fred ;
Stanchest of comrades they roam together
Through budding orchard and woodland red,
By wind of winter or summer weather.
But the door of the school-room, day by day,
Parts them till study-hours are over :
The one to work the other to play—
Since Fred is Fred, and Rover is Rover !

If Fred were Rover, and Rover Fred,
Surely the gain of the boy would be double ;
To lay down duties, and take, instead,
A round of days without toil or trouble !
To wander about on the uplands cool,
Or lie, at will, in the sunny clover,
Never learn lessons nor go to school—
If Rover were Fred, and Fred were Rover !

Yet, were Fred Rover, and Rover Fred,
Might not the winning be less than the losing ?
What were the pleasure of skate or sled,
Marble or ball, to a dog's dull choosing ?
Then the sail down the stream, and the sport in the snow,
And the fun with the rest when school is over—
Perhaps, after all, it is better so
That Fred should be Fred, and Rover Rover !

Kate Putnam Osgood.

MAMMA'S GAME.

As the day slips away,
Let me tell you what to play :

Leave your toys, girls and boys,
Come without a bit of noise.

Off with clothes—Nursie knows
What's the costume I propose.

“All in white?” That is right !
Now the bedroom candles light.

Jump in here—never fear—
Play you are a sailor, dear.

In this boat you may float
Off to Slumberland remote.

Then wee Fred wisely said,
"Ho ! your play means 'go to bed.'"

JACK FROST'S GARDEN.

IN the pleasant winter-time,
When the man-with-muffins comes,
When the roofs are white with rime,
And the birdies ask for crumbs,

Old Jack Frost is busy then,
Turns the trees and hedges black,
Makes the meadows white again
With the snowflakes in his pack ;

Kills the roses and the pinks,
Spoils the gay chrysanthemums,
Wriggles through the greenhouse chinks,
Every leaf and flower benumbs.

Then the sofa is a boat,
Stored with buns and bread and cheese,
All among the ice we float
On the stormy Arctic seas ;

And we land upon the chairs
Where the great sea-lions are,
Shoot the woolly Polar bears,
Salt them in a pickle-jar.

Jack Frost never spoils our play,
Though he spoils our gardens, quite,
And I sometimes think he may
Wish he hadn't—in the night.

For, when Nurse pulls up the blind,
Growing flat against the glass
There are flowers of every kind,
Roses, lilies, ferns and grass.

Through the curtains of my bed
Jack Frost's flowers I can see,
All across the window spread,
All as white as white can be,

For, you see, they have to grow
In a snow-drift every one ;
There he plants them in a row,
Makes them sparkle like the sun.

So because the flowers are dead
In the gardens and the lanes,
He gets 'shamed and makes instead
Gardens on our window-panes.

Graham R. Tomson.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh ;
Little by little—an hour, a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away ;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done !
Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong ;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little right has sway ;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Youth's Companion.

THE LOGIC OF IT.

CEASE for place or power or strife—
 Learning is the charm of life ;
 He who learns the most must need
 Sometime, somewhere, take the lead !

M. J. H.

SWEET PEA.

WHY I love you so
 Is plain to see—
 You are the dearest flower of all,
 Sweet-pea !

A bit of purple cloud
 Caught on a stalk ;
 A rosy vapor floating up and down
 My garden walk ;

The spirit of a flower,
 With wings for flight,
 Yet held by clinging roots
 For our delight.

A lovely type you are
 Of souls, ah me,
 Earth-bound yet ever reaching up,
 Sweet-pea.

M. F. Butts.

EVERY little buried bud
 Into life He raises ;
 Every wild flower of the wood
 Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Lucy Larcom.

OH, DEAR ME!

“OH, dear me! What shall I ever do?
The lamp's gone out,
The string's in a knot;
I can't untie my shoe!

“Oh, dear me! What in the world shall I do?
I hav'n't a thing
To cut the string,
I can't get off my shoe!

“Oh, dear me! I want a knife or a light!
If only I dared,
And nobody cared,
I'd wear my shoe all night!”

H. R. Hudson.

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how little boy's mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells !

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse ;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house ;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter ! Wherever it happens,
The little bird tells.

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what to say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play ;
Be honest, be brave and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little birds tell.

THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

THERE'S a young man on the corner,
Filled with life and strength and hope,
Looking far beyond the present,
With the whole world in his scope ;
He is grasping at to-morrow,
The phantom none can catch ;
To-day is lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face,
With searching anxious features,
And weak uncertain pace.
He is living in the future,
With no desire to catch
The golden *now*. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, moving,
Beneath the same great sun ;
Ever eager for the future,
But not content to snatch
The *present*. They are waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

THE SMALL BOY AND HIS STRING.

WHAT can a small boy do with a string?
Well, I should guess, about everything :

Make a cat's cradle ; tie up a knot
In every place he oughtn't and ought ;

Send his kite flying up in the air ;
Sail his boat on the pond over there ;

Make a stone-sling ; and a red top spin ;
Catch a small fish with the aid of a pin—

These are a few things, not nearly all ;
So, under his knife, marbles, pop-gun and ball,

In a boy's pocket the bottom-most thing
Is always a piece of good stout string.

S. Hall.

ON SUNDAY MORNING.

“Coo,” said the white dove, sitting in the steeple ;
“Coo,” said the gray dove ; the bell began to ring ;
All in their Sunday clothes came the Sunday people ;
“Bling,” said the great bell ; “bling, bleng, bling !”
In the summer sunshine the doves talked together,
Choir-note and organ-note were far, far away ;
All the roses nodded in the sunny summer weather ;
“Coo,” said the white dove ; “coo-o,” said the gray.

Mrs. Sara M. Chatfield.

THE SECRET.

WE have a secret, just we three,—
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree ;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows but just us three !

But of course the robin knows best,
Because she built the—I shan’t tell the rest !
And laid four little—*some things* in it ;
—I’m afraid I shall tell it every minute !

But if the tree and the robin don’t peep,
I’ll try my best the secret to keep ;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out !

Youth’s Companion.

LITTLE children, dear, look up !
Toward his brightness pressing ;
Lift up every heart a cup
For the dear Lord’s blessing !

Lucy Larcom.

QUEER CREATURES.

HAVE you never seen a Monkey made of sponge and of paint?
Or a rabbit of a shadow on the wall?
Or a maiden of a daisy? or a little grannie quaint
Of an apple that has withered since the fall?
Have you never seen a peanut change into a chunky Owl?
Or a kerchief to a little Mouse so sly?
Have you never seen a Baby that was once a turkish towel?
You can make these queer creatures if you try!

Wide Awake.

LITTLE JACK FROST.

LITTLE Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars so cold and still.
Watching the stars and moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night, when the winds were still;
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow, and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees,
"Ah," sigh'd the flow'rs, "we freeze, we freeze!"
"Ah," sigh'd the grasses, "we die, we die!"
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye, good-bye!"
Little Jack Frost tripped round and round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
And chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brought back the spring,
Brought back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melted the snow, and warmed the sky,
Little Jack Frost went pouting by.

Flowers opened their eyes of blue,
Green buds peeped out, and grasses grew ;
And it grew so warm, and it scorched him so,
Little Jack Frost was glad to go.

Songs, Games and Rhymes.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

THE Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing
green,
She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be
seen !

The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their
shabbiness,
And all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their
dress.

“For fashion-plates we’ll take the flowers,” the rustling
Maple said,
“And like the Tulip I’ll be clothed in splendid gold and
red !”

“The cheerful Sunflower suits me best,” the lightsome Beech
replied ;
“The Marigold my choice shall be”—the Chestnut spoke
with pride.

The sturdy Oak took time to think—“I hate such glaring
hues ;
“The Gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose.”

So every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad,
According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October
days ;
They wished to be like flowers—indeed, they look like huge
bouquets !

Edith M. Thomas.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

SWEET little Mayflower,
Full well I know
You are but hiding
Under the snow.

Robed in thy beauty,
Modest and sweet,
Wake from thy slumber
Our homage to greet.

Sunbeams are watching
Thy low, mossy bed,
Soft winds are chanting
A song o'er thy head.

All nature is waiting
Your praises to sing ;
Wake pretty Mayflower,
Bride of the spring.

Susan F. Henry.

THERE was a little pig,
And he had a little wig,
Right on the top of his head, head, head.

A naughty little son,
Put it there for fun,
And made the piggie wish he were dead, dead, dead.

Minnie F. Reynolds.

JOHN HENRY JONES.

I THINK I'll be like Washington,
As dignified and wise ;
Folks always say a boy can be
A great man if he tries.

And then, perhaps, when I am old,
People will celebrate
The birthday of John Henry Jones
And I shall live in state.

John Henry Jones is me, you know—
Oh 'twill be jolly fun
To have my birthday set apart
Like that of Washington.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

OCTOBER gave a party ;
The leaves by hundreds came—
And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed ;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners,
And gayly fluttered by ;
The sight was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide and seek" they played.
The party closed at sun-down,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder ;
They flew along the ground ;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

WEATHER SONG.

THIS is the way sunshine comes down,
Sweetly, sweetly falling ;
So it chaseth the clouds away,
So it waketh the beautiful day ;
This is the way sunshine comes down,
Sweetly, sweetly, falling.

This is the way the clouds come down,
Darkly, darkly falling ;
So it covers the shining blue,
Till no ray can glisten through ;
This is the way sunshine comes down.
Sweetly, sweetly, falling.

This is the way the rain comes down,
Swiftly, swiftly falling,
Thus comes down the welcome rain
Over the field and hill and plain.

This is the way, *etc.*

This is the way the rainbow comes down
Brightly, brightly, falling,
So it reacheth across the sky
Making fair the heavens on high.

This is the way, *etc.*

This is the way the hail comes down
Loudly, loudly falling,
So it flyeth beneath the cloud
Swift and strong and wild and loud.

This is the way, *etc.*

This is the way the frost comes down,
Slyly, slyly falling,
So it spreadeth all through the night,
Shining cold and pure and white.

This is the way, *etc.*

This is the way the leaves come down.
Gently, gently falling,
In gold and brown and crimson dressed,
Rocked by the wind, they lie at rest.

This is the way, *etc.*

This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling,
So the cloud droppeth snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.

This is the way, *etc.*

THE CORN SONG.

I WAS made to be eaten
And not to be drank ;
To be thrashed in the barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,
When put in a mill ;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed ;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule.
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning—
My strength I'll employ
If eaten, to strengthen,
If drunk, to destroy.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

IF I were a rose
On the garden wall
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall ;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do,
If I were you,
Oh, little rose !

If I were a bird,
With a nest in a tree,
I would sing a song
So glad and free,
The birds in gilded cages near
Would pause my wild, sweet notes to hear.
That's what I'd do,
If I were you,
Oh, gay, wild bird !

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true ;
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled,
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid !

WHISTLING GIRLS.

“ Boys may whistle, but girls may not ; ”
A whistle's a song with the words knocked out.
Strayed off somewhere down in the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said, “ The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a *sing*-ular thing.”

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan
They went to call on the soap-fat man,
The soap-fat man was not within,
He had gone to ride on a rolling-pin.
So they all came back by way of the town
And turned the meeting-house upside down !

LITTLE EYES.

LITTLE eyes
Looking wise—
Have you said your morning prayer?
Have you thought
As you ought
Of your Heavenly Father's care?

Night or day,
Work or play,
In our heart may be a prayer—
God can see
If there be—
Well He knows what thoughts are there.

THE LITTLE FROST SPRITE THAT LIVES IN
THE SNOW.

ONE little, two little, three little boys,
Full of frolic, and fun, and noise,
Thought it would be great sport to know
The little frost sprite, that lives in the snow.

So away they marched with right good will,
To his little snow palace under the hill ;
They stood at the door and cried, "Hallo !
You little frost sprite, that lives in the snow."

The house was as empty as it could be ;
Not a sound could they hear, not a thing could they see,
So they called again, "O ho ! O ho !
You little frost sprite, that lives in the snow."

"Wake up ! wake up ! you sly little elf !
Why don't you come out and show yourself?
What are you like ? We want to know,
You little frost sprite, that lives in the snow."

"They say you are strong as anything,
And can make our ears and noses sting ;
That's a curious thing ! Now is it so,
You little frost sprite, that lives in the snow ?"

"Who's afraid ! who's afraid ! come out if you dare !
Let us see, little sprite, if you really are there !
We think you entreated, a long while ago ;
You little frost sprite, that lives in the snow."

They listened, and listened—then thought they heard
A sly little laugh, but never a word !

"Now see how quickly I'll make them go !"
Thought the little frost sprite that lives in the snow.

"O dear !" "Boo-boo !" Now the trouble begins,
"He's filling me full of needles and pins !"
"He's pinching my fingers !" "He's biting my toe,
The little frost sprite, that lives in the snow !"

One little, two little, three little boys,
Ran away home, with a great deal of noise ;
They know now all they care to know
Of the little frost sprite, that lives in the snow.

Louisa J. Gibson.

THE POP-CORN MAN.

Two little girls, 'twas plain to see,
Were full of fun as they could be ;
Said Kate, "Let's make a pop-corn man ;
I saw one once ; I know we can."

They worked with most persistent will ;
It took much patience, tact, and skill ;
They worked until the clock struck one ;
'Then stood him up ; the man was done.

They then fell to with might and main,
And ate him up, yes, every grain.
Dear mamma smiled, "Too bad ! I see
You're little cannibals," said she.

"We're cannibals ! What can she mean?"

Said Maude. "'They're something we've not seen."

"Don't you know why? I know," said Fan ;

"Because we ate the pop-corn man."

A RAINY DAY.

How it rains ! Oh, dearie me !
How am I to get to school ?
Just to think of staying home
Makes me shiver and feel cool.

Think this weather is too bad !
Muddy, wet, and still a-raining !
'Spose 'twill rain if I do scold !
Might as well just stop complaining.

Get my gossamer and rubbers,
Take my dinner pail and books,
Start for school and never think of
How a drabbled school-girl looks.

There're the girls ! Hold on a minute !
I'll be there ! Say ! Ain't it fun ?
B'lieve I like this rainy weather.
There's the bell ! Let's have a run.

There're the boys ! And there's wee Katie !
She does well to come to-day.
After all there's no use fretting ;
Just turn trouble into play.

If it rains, just play you like it ;
Play the mud is only fun.
Rubbers, gossamers, umbrellas
Are more good in rain than sun.

Think I fretted without knowing
What I had to fret about,
And next time I want to scold, I'll
Laugh and run instead of pout.

Helen K. Chace.

WHY HE MUST LEARN.

I'M almost five, I'm more than three,
And I must learn to spell,
For when the people talk that way,
The words I cannot tell.

Mamma says "Now take R. up stairs.
I'm g-o-i-n-g."
I have to learn to spell, you see,
To know what that may be.

When Ned and May go out to play,
I get my hat to go,
Ned looks at me, then at Mamma,
And then she says "n-o."

When May says "Ned, let's r-u-n,
Don't take R. o-u-t."
They're talking things I ought to know,
I'm sure as I can be.

Some things I want to know just now ;
B-e-d, and g-o.
No p-i-e, and R-o-y,
I think I ought to know.

LITTLE MISS DOROTHY.

I'm ever so old, past two times three,
And little Miss Dorothy played with me
("Tea-party," "Lady," and "Come-to-see")
Before I knew A from V.

I'm ever so wise, and ever so tall,
(Three feet high, by the mark on the wall) ;
But Dorothy's just as stupid and small
As when I first learned to crawl.

Now I'd be ashamed of myself, but she—
She seems not to mind it at all !—
Perhaps she's right—because, you see,
Dorothy's only a doll.

Amy Elizabeth Leigh.

BABY BYE, HERE'S A FLY.

BABY BYE, here's a fly :
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls, up the walls,
Yet he never falls.
I believe with six such legs,
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes on his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red, dot his head,
Rainbows on his back are spread,
That small speck is his neck ;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs made of hairs ;
These he always wears.

He can eat bread and meat :
There's a mouth between his feet !
On his back is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the baby understand ?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand !
Put a crumb on her thumb ;
May be he will come.

Flies can see more than we ;
So, how bright their eyes must be !
Little fly, ope your eye ;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell ;
Spiders never treat flies well !
Thus away ! do not stay ;
Little fly, good day !

Theo. Tilton.

AN OLD MYSTERY SOLVED.

KITTIE and Grandma were playing at acting ;
Kittie was Mother Eve, she said—
“ Why, I was thinking,” said dear Grandma,
“ That old Mother Eve was dead !
“ Well, Mistress Eve, how did you live through the flood,
The flood so deep and so dark ? ”
“ O, Grandma ! nobody knew,” Kittie said,
“ But I was on top of the Ark.”
“ Did you live without food for forty days ?
Did you neither dine nor sup ? ”
“ O, Grandma ! the raven that never came back—
I ate that raven up ! ”

Martha Young.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

I THINK that every mother's son,
And every father's daughter,
Should drink at least till twenty-one,
Just nothing but cold water.
And after that, they might drink tea,
But nothing any stronger,
If all folks would agree with me,
They'd live a great deal longer.

WHAT HAPPENED TO REX.

It happened on a certain day,
A little fellow, full of play,
Drew forth a sharp and shining pin,
And found a chair and pushed it in.

He placed it with its point upright,
And thought 'twould be a funny sight
To see some person choose the chair
And start up hurt and screaming there.

But time passed on, and Rex forgot
The danger of that cushioned spot ;
Tired out with play, he heard with glee
His mother's summons, "Come to tea."

He smiled to see the goodies sweet ;
With eagerness he took his seat ;
Then rose a loud and startling cry,
And, wild with pain, he bounded high.

"Poor Rex ! what hurts you in the chair ?
Why here's a pin, I do declare !"
Rex hung his head—no word he spoke—
But sore repented of his joke.

Now, children dear, just one word more—
Let all unkindly jokes be o'er ;
All unkind things we plan and do
Are sure *us* to trouble too.

A VERY ODD GIRL.

In school she ranks above her mates,
And wins the highest prizes ;
She bounds correctly all the States,
And tells what each one's size is.
In class she will not prompt a friend,
For she doesn't believe in telling ;
She heeds the rules from end to end,
And never fails in spelling.
“ She's just as odd as odd can be ! ”
Say all the school of Esther Lee.

She keeps her room as neat as wax
And laughs at Peter's mockings ;
She mends Priscilla's gloves and sacques
And darns the family stockings ;
She dusts the sitting room for Kate ;
She cares for baby brother ;
She fashions balls and kites for Nate,
And runs for tired mothers ;
“ She's just as odd as she can be ! ”
Say all at home of Esther Lee.

“ LITTLE by little,” a small boy said,
And each day the “ littles ” he stored in his head.
Little by little in wisdom he grew,
Learning each day a little that's new,
Till at last the world, in amazement cries
How great is the man,—how wondrous wise.

A LITTLE BOY'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

SOME people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help the temperance thunder
Roll all the big world through ;
I'd have them look behind them,
When they were small, and then
I'd just like to remind them
That *little boys* make men !

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree ;
The minutes make the hour,
'Tis just the same with me,
I'm small but I'm growing
As quickly as I can ;
And a temp'rance boy like me, is bound
To make a temp'rance man.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Of all the boys that dance along,
Amid the pages of fairy song,
The dearest of all is Little Boy Blue,
Asleep the long, hot summer day through.

Of course we all like Jacky Horner,
Away there by himself in the corner,
Eating away at his Christmas pie,
And crying out, "What a great boy am I !"

And then there was that dear little Tucker,
Who always had to sing for his supper,
And he who wheeled a big wheel-barrow,
To bring his wife through the streets so narrow.

But the dearest of all is Little Boy Blue,
Asleep the long, hot summer day through,
Under the hay-stack, beside his horn,
While the cows and the sheep eat up the corn.

M. J. Reynolds.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

ONE time I met a little girl,
Whose face was fair to see :
Of all the pretty girls I knew,
The prettiest face had she,

"A charming little girl," said I.
Aunt Hannah wisely smiled ;
"It takes more than a pretty face
To make a charming child."

I wondered what she meant ; but ah !
I knew it very soon.
I said no more, "A charming child !"
But sung another tune.

For she—the girl with pretty face—
Was cross as cross could be ;
Her snarling words and pouting lips
Soon disenchanted me.

"You see, my dear," Aunt Hannah said,
"A handsome face alone
Will never make a charming child,
Nor for cross words atone.

"But handsome is who handsome does
When heart is filled with grace ;
And pleasant words are lovelier far
Than many a pretty face."

SPEECH FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BUT when I am a woman grown,
If you'll come back some day,
I'll speak to you a longer piece
Before I run away ;
For then you know I'll want to talk,
But now I want to play.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

SAID the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm !"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug !"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal !"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf !"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone !"

“Now see here,” said the mother,
 From the green graden patch,
 “If you want any breakfast,
 You must come and scratch.”

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

It was Saturday night, and two children small
 Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,
 Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,
 To learn for Sunday the Golden Text !
 Only three words on a gilded card,
 But both the children declared it hard.

“‘Love,’ that is easy—it means, why this”—
 (A warm embrace and a loving kiss) ;
 “But ‘one another,’ I don’t see who
 Is meant by ‘another’—now May, do you?”

Very grandly she raised her head,
 Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
 As she fondly smiled on the little brother,
 “Why, I am one, and you are another,
 And this is the meaning—don’t you see—
 That I must love you and you must love me.”
 Wise little interpreter ! Could any sage
 Interpret better the sacred page?

Good Cheer.

WHATEVER you are, be kind, boys !
 Be gentle in manner and mind, boys ;
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words and temper, I ween,
 Is the gentleman truly refined, boys !
 And are *you* all of this kind, boys ?

GOOD BYE.

WE have but one more word to say,
As sinks the day to rest ;
We hope you're pleased at what you've heard ;
We've tried to do our best.

We're glad to see you often here ;
And when you come we'll try
To entertain you with our words,
But now we'll say good-bye.

GOLDEN KEYS.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine

"Good morning !" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes "Good night !" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little "Thank you !" key.

"Excuse me," "beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me !" I shall be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be.

MY GIRL.

A LITTLE corner, with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white,
A little rubber ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound,
A little creeping—see ! she stands !
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day,
A little schoolma'm to obey,
A little study—soon 'tis past—
A little graduate at last.

A little muff for winter weather,
A little jockey-hat and feather.
A little sack with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring and lockets.

A little while to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little party, somewhat late,
A little lingering at the gate.

A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on a lawn,
A little kiss—my girl was gone !

THE STORY OF BABY'S SHOES.

'MONG the mountains far away,
Nibbling, browsing all the day,
Lived a kid with fine soft skin—
Good for shoes for Baby-kin.

So the farmer, first, with speed,
Sent the kid for baby's need ;
Then the tanner tanned the skin
For the sake of Baby-kin.

Clip ! the cobbler's shears did go,
Clip ! clip ! clip ! round top to toe ;
So he cut the leather thin
Shaping shoes for Baby-kin.

Tap ! tap ! tap ! upon the last ;
Stitch and stitch so strong and fast ;
Thus the cobbler made the skin
Into shoes for Baby-kin.

And when baby's toes peeped through
Dainty socks of pink and blue,
Kid shoes, shiny, soft and thin,
Mamma bought for Baby-kin.

Babyland.

SIX YEARS OLD.

WHEN Joe, and Kate, and Dick, and Bell,
Started to school last fall,
I cried to go, and papa said
He thought I was too small.

I begged so hard, at last he said,
“ Well, you can go to-day ;
For after this, I’m very sure,
At home you’ll want to stay.”

But I’m not tired yet, and you
Can judge now by my looks,
That, though I am but six years old,
I like my school and books.

BOTH SIDES THE LINE.

THE sound of drums, and a fife’s shrill cry,
Float in with the breath of the soft May breeze ;
Watching the bright groups hurrying by
In the sunlight, breaking through branching trees.
These college maidens march two by two ;—
I can catch the gleam of their garments light—
While above them droops the red and blue
Of the half-mast flag, with its colors bright.

This to the young is a festal day,
Just shadowed, perhaps, by a minor strain
In the gathering tears that will have way,
From some black-robed woman’s bitterest pain.
Why should I go with the crowds, who fling
O’er the sleepers their blossoming sweets?
For how could I make a public thing
Of the cry which each hour my soul repeats?

How could I weep for the boys in blue,
 While shedding no tear for the boys in gray?
I—who have fought every battle through,
 With my heart watching *both sides* all the way!
 For Philip was here, my husband true,
 And my brother, Ned, was across the line;
 It seemed that my heart was torn in two,
 Since they both were precious and both were mine.

O brave hearts these, in that last deep sleep,
 From which no bugle shall wake to strife.
 Memorial Day, I ever keep,
 While my heart beats on with its loyal life.
 You were my country! I mourn for *you!*
 Your colors I wear in my life away:
 In Philip's young eyes I find the blue,
 And here, in my tresses, I wear the gray.

Cora Stuart Wheeler.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

[For one boy and one girl.]

Boy.—Girls play with dollies;

Girl.—Boys play with tops;

Boy.—A girl loves to jump the rope;

Girl.—A boy skips and hops.

Boy.—Girls play with dishes;

Girl.—Boys play with balls;

Boy.—A girl loves to sew doll's clothes;

Girl.—A boy shouts and calls.

Boy.—Girls love story books;

Girl.—So do boys, too;

Both.—Then let us play together,

That's the way to do.

WORDS OF WELCOME.

I AM a little child,
And have not much to say ;
But I must make, I'm told,
'The "Welcome Speech" to-day.

Dear friends, we're glad you've come
To hear us speak and sing.
We'll do our very best
To please in every thing.

Our speeches we have learned,
And if you'll hear us through,
You'll see what little folks—
If they but try—can do.

A WET DAY.

HARK to the rain drops, drip, drip, drip,
We seem to hear them say,
Hark, drip, drip, drip, you can't get out,
It is too wet to-day.

All bare and black, the leafless trees.
The garden looks so drear ;
Are all the birds too sad to sing,
When winter days draw near?

No, winter-time, for flowers and trees,
Is like a pleasant night ;
Not idle are they, but they rest,
And wait for warmth and light.

Yes, spring will soon be here once more,
Then flowers and bees will wake,
And all the birds, so silent now,
A tuneful choir will make.

WINTER JEWELS.

A* MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees ;
And all the little maidens said,
“A jewel, if you please !”
But while they held
Their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason, little friends,
Why cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said as he ceased squealing,

“ All genteel folks their faces wash,
Before they think of eating ! ”
And wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-by,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

THE FIVE SENSES.

[To be spoken with appropriate gestures.]

Two bright little eyes,
 To see beautiful things ;
 Two quick little ears,
 To hear Dick when he sings.

One queer little nose,
 To smell flowers so sweet ;
 And one little tongue,
 To taste good things to eat.

Ten fingers quite small,
 To touch pussy's soft hair,
 These organs of sense
 God has put in my care.

 ARITHMETIC.

ARITHMETIC will teach us how
 To reckon and to count,
 And when we buy or when we sell,
 To learn the right amount.

Notation writes the numbers down,
Numeration does the reading,
Addition sums the *parts* all up,
 Gives the *amount* we're needing.

Subtraction will the *difference*
 Between the numbers show ;
 For *minuends*, minus *subtrahends*,
Remainders leave, you know.

The *multiplicand* and *multiplier*
 Are *factors* to be involved
 In an answer called the *product*,
 When by *multiplication* solved.

In *division* write the *dividend*,
 Then divide by the *divisor*,
 And the *quotient* is the answer
 That will make the student wiser.

THE TWO HOPPERS.

A FROG and a grasshopper met one day,
 Each hopping along in his own queer way ;
 Now the grasshopper being both young and green,
Inside as well as *outside*, I mean,
 Never had happened to see or hear
 Of a creature at once so ugly and queer.
 " Good sir," he exclaimed, as he bowed very low,
 " Your name I have not the honor to know ;
 But since you go hopping, I plainly see
 Some kind of a grasshopper you must be."
 " Indeed ! " said the frog, " 'tis a pleasure to meet
 With one so observing and discreet,
 That we are of kin, I acknowledge with pride ;
 In my heart and my home you must henceforth abide,
 Now come to my arms, we must seal with a kiss
 This compact of kinship and friendship." With this,
 He opened his arms to embrace his young friend,—
 He opened his *mouth*, too, and that was the end
If not of the friendship, at least of the friend,
 And the frog as he hopped off, croaked softly, " I feel
 Very much better for that little meal."

My story heed, young grasshoppers,
 And learn the lesson in it :
 Beware of strangers who would be
 Dear friends in half a minute. .

THE ROUND WORLD.

THE sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie ;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home in shining day
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea ;
And all the children in the west
Are getting up and being dressed.

THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE.

Ho ! Little-Red-Apple Tree !
With the garden beds below,
And the old grape-arbor so welcomely
Hiding the rake and the hoe,—
Hiding, too, as the sun dipped through
In spatter of wasted gold,
Frank and Amy away from you
And me, in the days of old.

Ah ! the Little-Red-Apple Tree !
In the edge of the garden spot,
Where the apples fell so lavishly
Into the neighbor's lot ;—
So do I think of you,
Brother of mine, as the tree,—
Giving the ripest wealth of your love
To the world as well as to me.

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree !
Sweet as its juciest fruit
Spanged on the palate spicily,
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,
Is the memory still and the joy
Of the Little-Red-Apple Tree,
When I was the littlest bit of a boy,
And you were a boy with me !

J. W. Riley.

RECITATION FOR A SMALL BOY.

[To the audience in front.]

You think I do not dare to talk
Because I am so little,
But every boy must learn to walk
Before he learns to whittle.

[To the audience at the right.]

When little Henry Clay was young,
He was afraid and bashful,
But when he learned to use his tongue
He used it very rashful.

[To the audience at the left.]

When Daniel Webster first began,
He could not speak a letter ;
But, when he grew to be a man,
He did a great deal better.

[To teacher or chairman on platform.]

So every boy should do his best,
No matter where he stands, sir ;
And now I think I'll take a rest
And let you clap your hands, sir.

Eugene J. Hall.

THE SONG OF THE SNOWFLAKES.

“GOODWILL, goodwill, to one and all !”
So sing the snowflakes as they fall,
Hiding the mud and mire from sight,
Clothing the world in robes of white—
Emblems of love in human life,
Blotting out sorrow, blotting out strife.

THREE IN A BED.

GRAY little velvet coats,
One, two, three :
Any home happier
Could there be ?
Topsy and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so cosily,
Three in a bed.

Woe to the stupid mouse,
Prowling about !
Old Mother Pussy
Is on the lookout :
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor
Three in a bed.

Mother's a gypsy puss ;
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
High-minded family,
Very well bred ;
No falling out, you see !
Three in a bed.

THE BEST SONG.

THREE little busy bees
Toiling hand in hand,
“Buz-a-buz, work-a-work,”
Sang the careful band.

Three little butterflies
Chanted thus together—
“Never work, only play
’Mid the sunbright heather.”

Sang three little children—
“Neither song is right :
Work and play, play and work,
Make the earth so bright.”

THREE TRUSTY BLADES.

“I’LL TRY” is a blade that will win its way
Through many a hard wood knot—
Will patiently seek for the surest path
To reach a coveted spot.

“I Can” is a sword both trusty and true,
Which wins when others have failed ;
Its temper is perfect, its edge is keen,
Its lustre has never paled.

“I Will” is an axe which will cleave a road
O’er all that impedes its way ;
The timbers must yield and the oaks must fall
Wherever it holds its sway.

With three trusty blades and a heart of cheer,
What boy but can climb at last
The hill of success to its topmost height,
And smile o’er the journey past ?

A GOOD AIM.

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
The *best* of all cobblers to be ;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me,
Then whether a tinker, or whether a lord,
Whate'er my position may be
I will aim at the best with a resolute will,
And a mind independent and free,
A rule that is duty to me.

"LITTLE DAN!"

I'M a boy 'bout as high as a table ;
My hair is the color of flax ;
My name isn't Shakespeare or Milton,
Or Byron, or Shelley, or Saxe.
By and by it will be " Mr. Daniel—"
They all call me now " Little Dan ; "
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries and everything nice ;
With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white mice.
I'll have a big house, and a stable ;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.

A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.

A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the cunningest, sleek black-and-tan
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man !

I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking ;
People snub me as much as they please ;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees.
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began,
I'm young, but I'm daily a-growing—
Look out for me when I'm a man.

John S. Adams.

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

“ ‘ IN violet,’ my mamma says,
A secret should be kept ;
I heard her say so to papa
Last night before I slept.
I heard her talking in my room
With papa, soft and low,
‘ Secrets are kept in violet,’
And I’m so glad I know ;
For I’ve the loveliest secret
I want to talk about ;
Of course I can’t tell anyone,
Lest it should be let out ;
But I can tell the violets ”—
She darted down the walk,
“ You see, they are just the very ones,
For violets don’t talk.”

The violets heard a whisper,
A murmur soft and low,
Then warningly she ended with,
“ You mustn’t tell, you know.”

I knew her small first finger tip
 Was scarred with needle pricks,
 And that something was often brought
 For dear mamma to fix.
 And on my birthday by my plate
 A handkerchief I found,
 All snowy white and neatly hemmed
 With tiny stitches round.
 "'Tis yours," she cried ; "I was so 'fraid
 I could not get it done.
 See all the stitches round the edge ;
 I hemmed them every one.
 It was a secret. Did you guess?
 I kept it ; no one knew,
 'Cept mamma and the violets,
 'Twas being done for you."
 "'Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed
 Her shining curls of gold ;
 And it was kept *inviolate*,
 For not a violet told.

Harper's Young People.

TWO AND ONE.

Two *ears* and only *one mouth* have you ;
 The reason, I think, is clear ;
 It teaches, my child, that it will not do
 To *talk* about all that you *hear*.

Two *eyes* and only *one mouth* have you ;
 The reason of this must be,
 That you must learn that it will not do
 To *talk* about all that you *see*.

Two *hands* and only *one mouth* have you ;
 And it is worth repeating :
 The two are for work you will have to do,
 The *one* is enough for eating.

WORK AND PLAY.

THERE'S one unfailing way
To make a cheerful day,
Now mind you don't forget the rule,
'Tis : Work before you play.

There's nothing sweetens fun
Like little tasks well done ;
No, never try to steal your play
Before your work is done.

DINAH'S BABY.

OUR Dinah has a baby,
That you really ought to see ;
Its skin is black all over
Like a piece of ebony.
Its hair is black and curly too,
And Dinah never fails
To braid it so it stands around
Its head in little tails.

We play together now and then,
And both of us get hurt ;
But Dinah's baby seldom cries,
And never shows the dirt.
It's real good-natured all the time,
And that's the reason maybe
Why everybody makes a fuss
Over Dinah's little baby.

My skin is white and satin-soft,
My mother calls me Pearl,
And says there never, never was
So sweet a little girl.

And Dinah's baby stares at me,
And I keep staring back ;
She wonders why I am so white—
I wonder why she's black.

And Dinah gives her loving hugs
And kisses that must be,
I really think, as sweet as those
My mother gives to me.
Oh, mothers' hearts are all alike,
And that's the reason, maybe,
Why every mother thinks she has
The very nicest baby.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS OF THE CLOUDS.

OH, lovely clouds, I lie on the grass,
And look at the sky, and watch you pass.

Say, what are you made of? Can you be
The snow that in winter-time we see?

Are you kept up there while summer's here,
Waiting for winter to appear?

I should think the sun would melt you all,
And down to the earth you then would fall.

Or are you lambs, with fleece like snow,
That through the blue fields a-skipping go?

And do you look down on pastures green,
Where other little white lambs are seen?

Would you not like to join them in their play,
And then back to Cloudland flee away?

When the stars come out and the night is cold,
Do you never seek shelter in a fold?

I wish I knew what you are !—whether snow,
Or snow-white lambs skipping to and fro?

But when from my window, on rainy days,
Upward, searching for you, I gaze,

I cannot find you. Where have you fled?
Have you melted, or can you all be dead?

If I had a long ladder to reach so far,
I'd climb to the sky and see what you are.

L. F. Armitage.

THE BODY HOUSE.

THERE are queer little houses
We all of us know,
And we carry them with us
Wherever we go.

Are they built, do you think,
Of wood, brick or stones?
No ; these funny houses
Are all built of *bones*.

With *flesh* they are cushioned,
Without and within,
And drawn over the whole
Is the pretty white *skin*.

Though you each own a house,
I'm sure you'll confess
That its use and its name
You never can guess.

I suppose I must tell you,
So, list, and you'll hear :
Your queer little house
Is—your body, my dear.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

[For a Small Boy.]

WHEN I am a big man as high as a steeple,
I'm going to do something to astonish the people ;
I'll climb fortune's ladder so lofty and fair,
'Till I take my seat in the president's chair,

I'll make right every evil there is in the land,
To the sad and the lowly I'll give a strong hand ;
And I'll not forget in the midst of my joy
Who it was cared for me when I was a boy.

Nellie R. Cramer.

BIRD TRADES.

THE swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best ;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cosy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work,—
A carpenter is he,—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners ;
Some build upon the ground ;
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.

Our Young Folks.

BE POLITE.

GOOD boys and girls should never say
“*I will,*” and “*Give me these:*”
Oh no ; that never is the way,
But, “*Mother, if you please.*”

And “*If you please,*” to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready ;
And “*Yes, sir,*” to a gentleman,
And “*Yes, ma'am,*” to a lady.

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pocket ?
Such a lot of treasures in it !
Listen now while I begin it :
Such a lot of things it holds,
And everything that's in my pocket
And when, and where, and how I got it.
First of all, here's in my pocket
A beautiful shell, I picked it up :
And here's the handle of a cup
That somebody has broken at tea ;
The shell's a hole in it, you see :
Nobody knows that I got it,
I keep it safe here in my pocket.
And here's my ball too in my pocket,
And here's my pennies, one, two, three,

That Aunt Mary gave to me,
 To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
 When I'm out walking with the maid ;
 I can't put that here in my pocket !
 But I can use it when I've got it.
 Here's some more things in my pocket,
 Here's my lead, and here's my string ;
 And once I had an iron ring,
 But through a hole it lost one day,
 And this is what I always say—
 A hole's the worst thing in a pocket,
 Be sure and mend it when you've got it.

SPEECH FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

I've a dear little playmate :
 Who is it? now think,
 Her dress it is white,
 Her nose it is pink,
 I don't like to handle her roughly because
 I think she carries pins in her paws.
 I thought she was very dainty and neat,
 But, oh dear ! She washes her face with her feet !

I'LL TRY AND I WILL.

" I'LL TRY ! " is a soldier ;
 " I Will ! " is a king ;
 Be sure they are near
 When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over,
 And boys are men,
 " I'll Try ! " and " I Will ! "
 Are good friends then.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands, on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-cords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turned,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it ;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

J. G. Whittier.

THE BOASTING HEN.

“ KE-DAW ! Ke-daw ! ” a young hen cried,
While strutting through a barnyard wide.
“ Ke-daw ! Ke-daw ! ” I’ve done a feat,
In chickendom it can’t be beat !
I’ve laid the finest egg to-day
That any hen in town could lay ;
So, little chickens, far and near,
Just bow your head when I appear.
Old mother hens, you needn’t sneer ;
There never was an egg so white,
I shall go frantic with delight ! ”
“ Ke-daw ! Ke-daw ! ” rang clear and loud,
There never was a hen so proud.

The older hens were grave and staid,
They said, "When other eggs are laid—
Six or a dozen at the most—
My child, you won't care much to boast.
Your utterance will be more soothing
When laying eggs becomes no new thing."
Each turned and called away her brood.
This young hen thought their actions rude.
"How envious these old dames are !
My triumph, though, they shall not mar ;
With bitterness my heart would sicken
If I were such a jealous chicken."

Now, while this scene was going on,
Our dame had left her nest alone,
And, spying out a splendid chance,
A weasel threw a furtive glance
At this same egg.

Swift as a lance
He rolled it from its downy nest—
A wanton act be it confessed—
Its golden freshness there to test.

Back in high feather came our hen.
Her grief is not for tongue or pen !
She gazed upon the empty shell
Of that first egg she loved so well ;
Had she but known enough to cry,
Tears would have trickled from her eye.

Now in this egg-shell we may find
A simple moral left behind.
In boasting don't be premature,
Lest disappointment work your cure.
Ere you parade your triumph round,
Be sure your egg is safe and sound !

George Cooper.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain ;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other—
Never mar another's rest ;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep ;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

"Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast !"

So we shuddered there in silence —
For the stoutest held his breath —
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

James T. Fields.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall !

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor.

THE CLEAN FACE.

OH, why must my face be washed so clean,
And scrubbed and drenched, for Sunday,
When you very well know, as you've always seen
'Twill be dirty again on Monday?

My hair is stiff with the lathery soap,
That behind my ears is dripping ;
And my smarting eyes I'm afraid to ope,
And my lip the suds is sipping.

They're down my throat and up my nose,
And to choke me you seem to be trying ;
That I'll shut my mouth you needn't suppose,
For how can I keep from crying?

And you rub as hard as ever you can,
And your hands are hard, to my sorrow ;
No woman shall wash me when I'm a man,
And I wish I were one to-morrow.

E. Leslie.

BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
 Work and labor hard I can ;
 I'm as happy all the day
 At my work as if 'twere play ;
 Though I've nothing fine to wear,
 Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
 Singing loud my morning song,
 With my wallet on my back,
 And my wagon-whip to crack,
 Oh, I'm thrice as happy then
 As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,
 And I soundly sleep at night ;
 Down I lie content, and say
 I've been useful all the day ;
 I'd rather be a ploughboy than
 A useless little gentleman.

THAT CALF.

To the yard by the barn came the farmer one morn,
 And, calling the cattle, he said,
 While they trembled with fright, " Now which of you last
 night,
 Shut the barn-door while I was abed ?"
 Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf Spot, she was down in the lot ;
 And the way the rest talked was a shame ;
 For no one the night before, saw her shut up the door ;
 But they said that she did, all the same,
 For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple Gray, "I was not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect ;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Let who may here object,
I say 'tis that calf I suspect !"

Then out spoke the cow : "It is terrible now
To accuse honest folks of such tricks."
Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't me ;"
And the sheep all cried "Bah !" (there were six),
"Now that calf's got herself in a fix !"

"Why, of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Said the chickens. "Of course," said the cat ;
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks think me a fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that ;
The poor calf never knows what she's at."

Just that moment the calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn door ?" asked the farmer once more.
"I did sir ; I closed it last night,"
Said the calf ; "and I thought that was right."

Then each one shook his head. "She will catch it," they
said ;
"Serve her right for her meddlesome way !"
Said the farmer, "Come here, little bossy, my dear ;
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day."

"For a wonder, last night I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not shut it so neat
All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat—
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl ;
The very mule smiled ; the cock crew.

"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite here,"
They cried. "We all said it was you ;
We were so glad to give you your due !"
And the calf answered knowingly, " Boo ! "

Phæbe Cary.

BEFORE AND AFTER SCHOOL.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

"QUARTER to nine ! Boys and girls, do you hear ?"
"One more buckwheat, then ; be quick, mother dear !"
"Where is my luncheon-box ?" "Under the shelf,
Just in the place where you left it yourself."
"I can't say my table !" "Oh, find me my cap !"
"One kiss for mamma, and sweet sis in her lap."
"Be good, dear !" "I'll try." "9 times 9's 81."
"Take your mittens !" "All right ! Hurry up, Bill, let's
run !"

With a slam of the door they are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby ! Come gently, my dear !"
"O mother, I've torn my new dress ; just look here !
I'm sorry ! I only was climbing a wall."
"Oh, mother, my map was the nicest of all ;
And Nellie, in spelling, went up to the head !"
"Oh, say, can I go out on the hill with my sled ?"
"I've got such a toothache !" "The teacher's unfair !"
"Is dinner most ready ? I'm just like a bear !"
Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast ;
These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last.
A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise ;
Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys.

R. I. Schoolmaster.

GENTLE WORDS.

USE gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall, as manna falls,
On some nigh-fainting heart.

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown,
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only grief had grown.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

THREE little words we often see—
An Article, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun's the name of anything,
As, *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As, *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand—
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done—
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As, *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

A Preposition stands before
A noun, as, *in*, or *through* a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As, men *and* children, wind *or* weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As, *Oh*, how pretty ! *Ah*, how wise !

J. Neale.

A SUM IN ARITHMETIC.

THERE came into our school one day,
A white-haired man, with pleasant smile ;
He greeted us, and, sitting down,
Said he would like to rest awhile.

'TWAS time to have arithmetic.
The teacher said, "Now all give heed !
Put up your books, and take your slates,
And do the sum which I will read."

Our books went in, our slates came out,
And the teacher read the sum.
We tried and tried, and tried again,
And couldn't make the answer come.

And then the old man said to us,
With kindness twinkling in his eyes,
"Who gets the answer first, shall have
A silver shilling for a prize."

Then Tommy Dole resolved to cheat ;
And slyly taking out his book,
When he supposed he was not seen,
A hasty glance inside he took.

At once the answer Tommy finds,
And, "Now I've got it, sir," he cries.
The teacher thinks Tom worked the sum,
And tells him he has won the prize.

But that old man has seen it all,
Those twinkling eyes had watched the trick.
“Well done, my boy ! you seem
To understand arithmetic.

“But now, before I give the prize,
I'll let your try a harder one.
Another shilling you shall have,
If you can tell how that is done.”

And then, with the kindest voice and look,
He gently said to Tommy Dole,
“What shall it profit you, my lad,
To gain the world, and lose your soul?”

Then Tommy Dole hung down his head,
And tears began to fill his eyes ;
And all the scholars wondered why
He would not take the silver prize.

DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Little Mamma, with a sick Doll.

COME and see my baby dear ;
Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
Yesterday, do what I would,
She would touch no kind of food,
And she tosses, moans, and cries.
Doctor, what do you advise ?

Doctor.

Hum ! ha ! Good madam, tell me, pray,
What have you offered her to-day ?
Ah, yes, I see—a piece of cake ;
The worst thing you could make her take.

Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear
Too many plums and currants here ;
But stop ! I will just taste again,
So as to make the matter plain.

Little Mamma.

But, doctor, pray excuse me ; oh,
You've eaten all my cake up now !
I thank you kindly for your care,
But do you think 'twas hardly fair ?

Doctor.

Oh, dear me ! Did I eat the cake ?
Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
But keep her in her bed, well warm,
And you will see she'll take no harm.
At night and morning, use, once more,
Her drink and powder as before ;
And she must not be over-fed,
But may just have a piece of bread.
To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
She'll be quite right. Good-day ! good-day !

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

THE mother looked pale, and her face was sad ;
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad :
She silently sat with the tears in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle, affectionate child,
His ways were winning, his temper was mild ;
There was love and joy in his soft blue eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained with sin ;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied ;
While he promised, with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gently down,
And took his soft hands within her own,
And she kissed his cheek as he looked on high
And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night :
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you ?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray ;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes ?
Cold, ah, very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring,
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare !

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

Ann Taylor.

THE RATTLE OF THE BONES.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one ; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each ; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankles strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes, half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now all together, these many bones wait,
And they count, in a body, two hundred and eight.

And then we have, in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink,—

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian, we call ;
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

A SEED.

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed ;
The only thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never—

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom ;
Plant roses and roses will grow ;
Plant hate, and hate into life will spring ;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come, creeping, creeping everywhere ;
By the dusty roadside
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, smiling everywhere ;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor ;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming,
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere,
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Sarah Roberts.

OVER THE FENCE.

Boy.

OVER the fence is a garden fair—
How I would love to be master there !
All that I lack is a mere pretense—
I could leap over the low white fence.

Conscience.

This is the way that crimes commence ;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Boy.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
Then I can go for it — that is all ;
Picking an apple up near a tree
Would not be really a theft, you see.

Conscience.

This is a falsehood — a weak pretense ;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Boy.

Whose is the voice that speaks so plain ?
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
Ne'er will I venture to look that way,
Lest I should do as I planned to-day.

Conscience.

This is the way that all crimes commence,
Coveting that which is over the fence.

THE RAIN, WIND, AND SNOW.

RAIN ! rain ! April rain !
Bring the flowers back again ;
Yellow cowslip and violet blue,
Buttercups and daisies too.
Rain ! rain ! April rain !
Bring the flowers back again.

Wind ! wind ! autumn wind !
He the leafless trees has thinned ;
Loudly doth he roar and shout ;
Bar the door and keep him out.
Wind ! wind ! autumn wind !
He the leafless trees has thinned.

Snow ! snow ! pure white snow !
O'er the fields thy covering strow ;
Cover up the seed so warm,
Through the winter safe from harm
Snow ! snow ! pure white snow !
O'er the fields thy covering strow.

Rain ! wind ! snow ! all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be ;
Each and all in turn are sent
On the earth with good intent.
Rain, wind, snow, all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be.

Rhyme and Reason.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends ;
We read and play together ;
We tramp across the hills and fields,
When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste
I come along the street,
He hurries on with bounding step,
My glad return to greet.

Then how he frisks along the road,
And jumps up in my face !
And if I let him steal a kiss,
I'm sure it's no disgrace.

And what he knows, and thinks, and feels
Is written in his eye ;
My faithful dog cannot deceive,
And never told a lie.

Come here, good fellow, while I read
 What other dogs can do ;
 And if I live when you have gone,
 I'll write your history too.

Susan Jewett.

LADY MOON.

I SEE the Moon and the Moon sees me;
 God bless the Moon ! and God bless me !

Old Rhyme.

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
 Over the sea.
 Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
 All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
 Resting to sleep?
 Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
 Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me :
 You are too bold :
 I must obey my dear Father above me,
 And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
 Over the sea.
 Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
 All that love me.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

HEIGH-HO ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !
 When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses,
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small.

LITTLE DANDELION.

GAY little dandelion lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot, telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note poured from above ;
Wise little dandelion asks not for love.
Cold lies the daisy banks clothed but in green
Where, in the days ago, bright hues were seen.

Wild pinks are slumbering, violets delay,
True little dandelion greeteth the May.
Brave little dandelion ! fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent, careless of cold,
Brave little dandelion counteth her gold.

Helen B. Bostwick.

THE CAT'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

"GIVE me turkey for my dinner,"
Said a tabby cat.
"Before you get it you'll be thinner ;
Go and catch a rat,"
Said the cook, her pastry making,
Looking fierce and red,
And a heavy roller shaking
Over pussy's head.

Hark ! her kitten's shriller mewing ;
"Give us pie," said they
To the cook, amid her stewing,
On Thanksgiving Day.
"Pie, indeed ! you idle creatures !
Who'd have thought of that ?
Wash your paws and faces neater,
And go hunt. 'Scat ! 'Scat !"

So they went and did their duty,
Diligent and still ;
Exercise improved their beauty,
As it always will.
Useful work and early rising
Brought a merry mood,
And they found the cook's advising,
Though severe, was good.

Youth's Companion.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE White Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed ;
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Said, "It is good ;
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."

Little White Lily,
Drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside !

Little White Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

AHOY! AHOY!

Little White Lily
 Holdeth her cup ;
 Rain is fast falling,
 And filling it up.

Little White Lily
 Said, " Good again,
 When I am thirsty
 To have fresh rain !
 Now I am stronger ;
 Now I am cool ;
 Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

Little White Lily
 Smells very sweet :
 On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
 "Thanks to the sunshine,
 Thanks to the rain !
 Little White Lily
 Is happy again !"

George MacDonald.

AHOY! AHOY!

I HEAR a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,
 Ahoy ! ahoy ! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.
 Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round
 and ruddy,
 You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for
 study.

Ahoy ! ahoy ! the echoes fly along the glen and mountain ;
 They mingle with the running stream, and with the plashing
 fountain
 And o'er the ocean, too, they go, by verdant peaks and
 passes,
 To marshal in the wandering clan of rosy lads and lasses.

From northern woods and breezy camp, from southern
 haunts of fairies,
 From rugged coasts along the east, and from the western
 prairies
 The signal flies—the shout goes forth to every idle rover,
 Ahoy ! ahoy ! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.

Make no excuse—make no delay—but with a purpose
 steady,
 Fall into line, like soldiers true, for every duty ready.
 Let go your fishing-lines and hooks, your bats and balls and
 rackéts,
 And turn your thoughts awhile to books—put on your work-
 ing jackets.

Ahoy ! ahoy ! on ship and shore are voices loudly ringing,
 And breezes to their homes once more a merry host are
 bringing ;
 With sparkling eyes and rosy lips, and full of youthful graces,
 They'll enter through the school-room door, and settle in
 their places.

I hear a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,
 Ahoy ! ahoy ! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.
 Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round
 and ruddy,
 You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for
 study.

Josephine Pollard.

PEACE to the brave who nobly fell
 'Neath our flag, their hope and pride !
 They fought like heroes long and well,
 And then like heroes died.
 Nobly they died in freedom's name,
 Died our country's flag to save ;
 Forever sacred be their fame,
 And green their honored graves.

WHISTLE AND HOE.

THERE'S a boy just over the garden fence,
Who is whistling all through the livelong day ;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.
 Whistle and hoe,
 Sing as you go,
 Shorten the row
 By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear ;
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know ;
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.
 Whistle and hoe,
 Sing as you go,
 Shorten the row
 By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that you hoe,
For if you are idle the briars will spread ;
And whistle alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.
 Whistle and hoe,
 Sing as you go,
 Shorten the row
 By the songs you know.

Rural New Yorker.

O BLOOM of the apple so bright !
Rich rose-bloom dissolving in white !
When Phœbus's brush
Wrought thy beautiful blush,
It must have been dipped in the dawn's tender flush
Of softest, most exquisite light.

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